

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 4—VOL. XXII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1810.

NO. 1098.

## THE MONKS OF CLUNY;

OR,

## CASTLE-ACRE MONASTERY.

### AN HISTORICAL TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

GUNETHA had been for about two years an inhabitant of Castle-Acre, and serenity and cheerfulness were beginning to return to her mind, when the frown of approaching war scowled upon the peacefulness of her retreat. The territories of the Earl de Warren were threatened with invasion from a neighbouring power, of which hostility the cause was this. It will be remembered, that the rival of De Warren's love for the Countess, was the Earl de Montalt. This nobleman was of a vindictive and fierce spirit; he had not forgotten, nor forgiven, De Warren's triumph over him, when they had met to decide their claim to the objects of their joint affections by single combat, on the lawn before the Earl de Huntingfield's castle; but no plausible occasion having hitherto arisen for him to display the secret feelings of his heart, he had been obliged, however unwillingly, to smother them in his own breast.

It was now a year since de Montalt, having been providentially preserved from death at a moment when two young men, his attendants, with whom he was riding through a forest in the midst of a tremendous tempest, had been struck dead at his side by the lightning's flash, had vowed a pilgrimage of thanks to the monastery of St. Francis in Lombardy, where his tutelary saint was the peculiar homage of the place. He accordingly set out on his religious purpose without delay, and arrived in safety at the place of his destination. He continued some time in the monastery, and found in the monks of St. Francis, the same inveterate hatred against the Earl de Warren with which his own breast laboured. The monks had taken offence, that de Warren, who had been entertained with equal hospitality and friendship by them on his pilgrimage to Rome, as by the monks of Cluny, should have dedicated to the latter his newly-erected monastery of Castle-Acre, whilst he paid not the slightest remembrance to the favours which he had received from them. The subject was frequently discussed by the Abbot, and several of the superior brethren, in the presence of de Montalt; and having learnt from his own lips, the cause of his dislike to de Warren, and judging him therefore the most eligible person whom they could select as the avenger of the insult which they believed themselves to have sustained, they promised him absolution for the transgressions of his life, on condition of his standing forth the champion of their cause against de Warren, on his return to England.

The proposition made by the monks of St. Francis, to the Earl de Montalt, was infinitely too congenial to his own feelings, not to be acceded to by him with the utmost readiness; and on his return to his own domains in Huntingdonshire, he began to make every preparation for an attack upon Castle-Acre.

The Earl de Warren was timely apprised of his enemy's intention, and exerted every nerve for placing himself in a situation to repel the attack with as little injury to himself, and his possessions, as skill in the art of defence would allow him to do.

Two hundred men, trained to arms, were already the guardians of his noble castle; but he immediately doubled their number, by adding to them new members, selected from amongst his trusty and faithful vassals; and to the instructing of these in arms, he directed his leaders to apply themselves; whilst he himself used every assiduity in superintending the repairs which were requisite to be made in the walls and fortifications. A sufficient number of workmen for this purpose were immediately collected around him; and their interest in his welfare caused them to be strenuously vigilant in their labours. Accordingly, in as short a space of time as it was possible for such improvements to be effected, a double wall was erected round the castle; the moat which surrounded the edifice, was considerably widened; the drawbridge backed by a massy iron cased gate, with a huge portcullis swung in its centre; and walls of defence for the bowmen, and the slingers, built upon the battlements of the castle.

From his very boyhood the spirit of the youthful Harold had ever displayed itself active, courageous, bold and resolute; and during the preparations for the reception of the enemy, he had so constantly followed the steps of the Earl, evinced so great an interest in the progress of the works, and shewn himself so assiduous to forward the views of his patron, that the Earl was tempted, by his conduct, to give him a small command in the newly-raised troops. Harold's joy at this event was uncontrollable; and having expressed his thanks to the Earl, he ran to communicate the intelligence to his first and best beloved friend, the Countess.

Scarcely had he poured forth to her the overflowings of his heart, ere Gunetha entered the apartment. Harold stepped forward to meet her: "Oh! Gunetha," said he, "how thankful ought I to be to the Earl! he has honoured me with a command in the troops which he is raising."

"And does that delight you, Harold?" inquired the gentle maid.

"Can it do otherwise?" cried the youth, "Shall I not assist to repel the foe who would invade the rights of my kind protector?"

"Yes," replied Gunetha, "that is very true: that is a duty which becomes you; but it is still a duty which cannot be performed without the hazard of inflicting death, and it is a dreadful idea even to kill an enemy."

The brave spirit of Harold smiled at the sensitive ideas of the mild Gunetha. "The chance of war is equal," said he; "I am as likely to fall myself, as any one of those I fight against."

"Oh, Heaven forbid you should be killed!" exclaimed Gunetha.

Harold fixed his eyes attentively on hers; he perceived in them an emotion created by her anxiety for his fate, which penetrated to his inmost heart. He pressed her hand in thankfulness in his. He could not speak. The tears

stole down the cheeks of Gunetha, and, in faint accents, she repeated, "Heaven forbid you should be killed!"

Of this tender scene the Countess was a witness and it convinced her of the justice of a suspicion which she had for some time entertained, that the hearts of Gunetha and Harold beat with the warmest affection towards each other. Her feelings were led to sympathy in theirs, and advancing towards them, she took a hand of each in hers, and said, "My dear children, may no untoward circumstance ever arise to cause either of you pain for the misfortunes of the other. You both consider me as a mother; do not attempt to hide from me the emotions of your breasts, but accept from me a mother's blessing on your love."

As she concluded her sentence, she joined their hands. Gunetha fell upon her neck, and bedewed her cheeks with her tears. Harold bent upon his knee before her, and imprinted a kiss of gratitude on her hand.

When a degree of composure returned to their agitated minds, one of the happiest hours they had ever known was passed by them with the Countess, in confessing to her the hopes and fears which had alternately swayed their bosoms, since their acquaintance with each other commenced; and they entreated her to impart their mutual passion to the Earl, and beseech him to sanction their bliss.

The Countess promised to execute their request; and said she doubted not the Earl's ready acquiescence in their happiness.

De Warren was not seen by the Countess till she met him at the dinner table. She imagined that she could perceive an unusual gloom overspreading his features, and that he spoke less than he was accustomed to do; but supposing that some circumstance connected with the state of danger to which his castle was shortly about to be exposed, might be agitating his mind, she did not comment on his appearance.

The dinner hour being past, Gunetha retired to her chamber; and Harold left the castle hall, where the repast had been served, to be present at the exercise of the troops. No sooner were the Earl and Countess left alone, than de Warren himself led to the subject upon which she had been meditating to engage his attention:—he inquired what had been the occasion of a scene which, he said, he had that morning witnessed through the window of an apartment of the castle, as he had passed by it through the garden into which it looked?

The Countess asked what scene he alluded to?

He answered that he alluded to a scene in which Gunetha had been hanging upon her neck, and Harold kneeling at her feet.

The Countess answered, that it was a subject upon which she had herself been about to address him; and then related the affection entertained by the youthful pair for each other, and the request which they had made to her, of procuring his consent to their union.

The gloominess of the Earl's countenance increased; and he said, "This I have long suspected, and feared to be the case."

"Feared!" echoed Lady de Warren, "Why

Should you have feared it? Are they not exactly suited to each other by age and disposition? I consider it as a happiness that their inclinations are thus virtuously placed on each other?"

The Earl bit his lip, and replied, "Have you then forgotten that the dying command of Sir Robert de la Pole was, that at the age of eighteen his daughter should take the veil?"

"I thought it had only been his intention, not his command," returned Lady de Warren; "and that he had loved her so tenderly, that all his desire was to see her happy."

"Perhaps your statement is correct," replied De Warren; "but girls of her age are not judges of their own happiness. I am the guardian whom her father appointed to control her improper inclinations, and rectify her errors: she can form no connection without my consent."

"And will you withhold it in the present instance?" asked the Countess.

"Most rigidly," was the reply.

"On what account can you be induced to do so?" said the Countess.

"Is the daughter of Sir Robert de la Pole to be ignominiously matched with one of mean birth?" demanded the Earl; "or think you that your protection having been given to a foundling, is a sufficient sanction for him to aspire to any noble connection?" He uttered these words with a greater asperity of voice than the Countess had yet been addressed by him in, and the tears started into her eyes.

The Countess was collecting her feelings to reply, when she was interrupted by the entrance of one of the Earl's leaders into the apartment, who came to inform him, that intelligence had been brought to the castle, that the Earl de Montali's forces were advancing towards it, and were expected to encamp on a plain before the range of hills on which it stood that very night.

This information caused the Earl immediately to break off the conversation in which he had been engaged with his wife, and visit the ramparts of his castle, to which he summoned all his soldiery, commanding them to prepare for the intended attack; and exhorting them to courage, and constancy of conduct.

(To be Continued.)

#### SINGULAR COMBAT.

As Capt. Metcalf, his son, and one or two others, were on their way from Middletown to this place, the fore part of last week, they discovered, a few rods from them, a huge Wolf. He had a small trap hanging to one of his legs, which he had been caught in about a week ago. Perceiving him fatigued, these men, without dog or gun, pursued him—followed him nearly a mile, and completely surrounded him. The wolf, finding no means of escaping, turned upon his foe—with his jaws spread, and with the fierceness of a lion, he sprung at a son of Mr Metcalf, who fortunately clenched his antagonist by the jaws, while suspended, one in each hand, and held him in that situation until his father came up and cut his throat.—This information we received from captain Metcalf, and we believe it correct.

Canandaigua paper.

A Nicholas Creely has, in a Bucks county, (Penn.) paper, in the usual way, warned the public not to trust his wife on his account, charging her with having destroyed his property, &c. His wife, in reply to this notice says—"That he need not have taken this pains, as no person where he is known, will trust her to the amount of a single cent on his account; and as for bed and board, he never had any for her—and asked how she could destroy his property, when he never had any, except three dice, a sweat-cloth and a rum bottle."

#### GRATITUDE.

Can fortune ere smile on the wretch  
Who is deaf to fair gratitude's call?  
Can pleasure or happiness dwell  
In the breast that is callous to all?

As well might we look for the rose  
From winter's cold bosom to spring;  
Or expect, from the fields clad with snows,  
All the fragrances which autumn can bring.

No—believe me, 'tis only the breast  
Where gratitude dwells, can enjoy  
All the pleasures that life can impart,  
And happiness free from alloy.

Lines written upon a drop of rain which descended as the author was entering the under aisle of the chapel consecrated to the dead.

Sorrow was the drop, and seemed to flow  
From Heaven—as if an Angel's eye,  
Gazing upon this form of woe,  
Had melted to its murmur'd sigh.

Cold was the tear, and cold it fell,  
Where neither hope nor life shall warm,  
Since sepulcher'd his graces dwell  
Who gives to life and hope their charm.

Region of tears! thy echoing aisle  
No strain but grief has ever known,  
Fearful it freezes nature's smile;  
And looks on misery alone.

Why does the desperate mourner call  
On thee in many an accent wild?  
Deaf is thy cold and clammy wall  
Dead as the feelings of her child.

Yet the sweet seraph, Peace, is here,  
Lost to the world she dwells with thee,  
And gives from Heaven an Angel's tear,  
To shed its pitying dew on me.

Spirit of him my soul adored,  
Say was that drop of mercy thine,  
Beloved in life, in death deplored,  
When shall thy bosom's rest be mine?

#### THE PRIMROSE.

BY CAREW.

Ask me why I send you here  
This firstling of the infant year;  
Ask me why I send to you  
This primrose, all bepearl'd with dew;  
I straight will whisper in your ears,  
The sweets of Love are washed with tears.  
Ask me why this flower doth shew  
So yellow, green, and sickly too:  
Ask me why the stalk is weak,  
And bending, yet it doth not break;  
I must tell you, these discover  
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

#### REBUS.

ADDRESSED TO A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Now in this cold and dreary weather,  
Knock all your chackle-heads together,  
And tell me what it is alone,  
Of all things tasted, felt, or known,  
(Whate'er its colour,—green—brown—grey)  
That's valued most when in decay.  
It is not man—it is not woman,  
Nor is it any thing uncommon.  
We seldom dine or sup without it;  
But hold—I'll say no more about it,  
Except—'tis to a brute we owe it,  
And he's an ass that does not know it.

A Solution is requested.

#### THINGS TO BE LAUGHED AT.

Or a collection of honest prejudices, selected from many celebrated Authors.

Had man been a dwarf, he had scarce been a rational creature; for he must have had a jolt head, so there would not have been body and blood enough to supply his brain with spirits; or he must have had a small head answerable to his body, and so there would not be brain enough for his business.

Grew's *Cosmology*, book 1 chap. 5.

Among reptiles that have a strange faculty to shift for food, &c. may be reckoned eels, which, although belonging to the water, can creep on land from pond to pond, &c. Mr. Mosely, of Mosely, saw them creep over the meadows like so many snakes from ditch to ditch: which he thought was not only for bettering their habitation, but also to catch snails in the grass.

Plet's *Hist. of Staffordshire* chap. 7 p. 32.

Though I have examined what all other authors have wrote on this affair with great impartiality, yet I cannot conceive that any of them have the least merit, nor do I find one man that hath treated this subject sensibly besides myself.

Smithson's *Amiability of Candour and Diffidence*, page 8.

Next unto Arvia there are two rivers, Atorea and Caora, and on that branch, which is called Caora, are a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders, which though it may be thought a mere fable, yet for my own part I am resolved it is true: because every child in the provinces of Heritumais and Caluri affi in the same. They are called Ewaipanoma: they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts; and that a long train of hair groweth backward between their shoulders.

Sir W. Raleigh's *Works*, p. 299.

#### ANECDOTES.

A picture of a certain divine, well known by the nick-name of Snake, having appeared at one of the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the following pungent paragraph, published in a morning paper, was made the subject of a prosecution in the court of King's Bench, when Lord Mansfield, observed, that he should be apt to excuse the libel for the sake of the wit:

"An artist admires the picture of the Rev. Parson Snake, in the exhibition where he is drawn at full length, in a beautiful landscape, with a large tree, and attended by his faithful *Fidel*. He thinks, however, the tree wants execution, and the painter has not done justice to the dog."

A French surgeon (Potal) has written a paper to prove that cutting off the great toe is a specific against the falling sickness. In the astonishing progress of science, it may be discovered that a man can stand better upon one leg than upon two.

An Irish gentleman once remarking in the House of Commons, that the French were the most restless nation in the universe—added very pointedly, "they will never be at peace till they are engaged in another war."

The petticoat great coat is quite the rage among our young bucks. When this article of dress first came into vogue, a New-Hampshire wag asserted that it was the result of the *lex talionis*—the ladies had been long striving to wear the breeches (inexpressibles we mean, pretty prattlers) and our young men by way of giving a "Rowland for an Oliver," had mounted the petticoat upon their shoulders.

Tiedler,

A Shopkeeper wrote his sister an account of the death of their parent, thus—"Our aged father died yesterday of an assortment of disorders."



# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 3, 1840.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 57 persons, (of whom 11 were men, 9 women, 9 boys and 8 girls) during the weeks ending on Saturday last, viz. Of casualty 1, in childbed 1, of consumption 6, convulsions 4, debility 1, decay 3, dropsy 4, dropsy in the head 5, gravel 1, hives 2, inflammation of the lungs 2, in temperance 1, old age 1, pleurisy, 1, sprue 1 still born 1, suicide by laudanum 1 and one of whooping cough.

The case of casualty was Richard R. Bunker, mate of a vessel lying in the stream, who was killed by a fall from the yard.

Died in the New York Hospital in February, 1840

Charles Brady, of Ireland, seaman, consumption; Mary Budd, of England, married, diarrhoea; William Congdon, of New York, seaman, consumption; Daniel Dixon, of Virginia, seaman, consumption; Michael Henry, of New-Haven, seaman, typhus fever; William Probasco, of New-Jersey, labourer, effects of frost; George Shiefel, of Germany, labourer, syphilis; Phyllis Thomas, of New-Haven, married, debility; Charles Waters, of Long Island, seaman, hydrocephalus internus; Ann Warren of New-York, unmarried, herpes.

**Guadaloupe taken by the British.**—By the brig Astrea, Cottrill, arrived at this port Tuesday last, in 18 days from St. Bartholomews, we learn, that the Island of Guadaloupe surrendered to the British under General Beckwith, and Admiral Cochrane, on the 6th of February, after a severe contest which lasted five days, in which great slaughter was made on both sides.

We have not received the official detail, nor the terms of capitulation.

We further learn that the ships Louisa Cecelia, from New-York, for G'jon, and the Phoenix, from New-York, for Lisbon, were both captured on their passage, and scuttled by two French frigates of 44 guns, bound from France to Guadaloupe. The captains and crews were taken out and carried into Guadaloupe, and the captains of the above ships Fowler and Telford went to St. Bartholomews, and took passage on board the Astrea, and have arrived in this port.

Mer. Adv.

**New-Orleans, November 19.**—A singular writ was yesterday issued from the supreme Court of this Territory. J. L. Bujac, of Philadelphia, vs. Napoleon I, Emperor of the French, king of Italy, protector of the confederation of the Rhine, &c. We have no doubt that the Sheriff will levy an attachment on the property of his Imperial and Royal Majesty, and have it in safe keeping. The writ, we learn, was brought on a protested bill of exchange.

**Charleston, Feb. 20.**—A most daring attempt was made at an early hour last evening, to set fire to a house in Champney's street, by placing combustibles in different parts of the building. As the wind was high it was extremely fortunate that it was immediately discovered or the destruction must inevitably have been very extensive.

Courier.

On the 13th of January, a very melancholy event took place at the Oakaties, in the southern parts of this state. Capt. Benjamin Johnson, had taken with him from his residence in Beaufort, in his vessel the Thames, his only son, Master Benjamin Armstrong Johnson, a lively, amiable and promising child, between 7 and 8 years of age. While the vessel was

lying at anchor in the O katie river, and the captain attending to the loading in the hold, Master Johnson, being anxious to go on shore, got into a boat lying at the side of the vessel; a boy on deck hearing him call his father, went to the vessel's side, and saw the child in the boat; in a minute or two afterwards his father enquired for him, but he could not be found—having, no doubt, in that time fallen overboard, nor has he been seen since.

Every exertion possible to recover the body, was immediately made, by diving, and by dragging with hooks, and a seine after-ward, in which the distressed father was assisted by many sympathizing friends—but all in vain.

By this distressing event, two affectionate parents have been deprived of their only child; the fond hopes and expectations of relations and friends blasted; and a striking example set before us, of the uncertainty of human life, and the instability of earthly happiness.

'Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart: A broken reed at best but oft a spear!'

Charleston Pap.

**Baltimore, Feb. 10.**—Yesterday's mail brought the melancholy intelligence to Mr. John Grayson of this city, of the murder of his father, at Carlisle yesterday week; by four of the licentious and scoundrelly sold ers quartered at that place. This murder is aggravated by the fact, that Mr. Grayson gave these wretches no provocation to perpetrate the horrid deed.

Mr. Grayson was a tavern keeper, and the soldiers came into the house, and called for liquor; which he refused, seeing they were either intoxicated or otherwise disorderly—he ordered them out of the house; instead of departing they instantly attacked him; the candles were knocked out in the fray; and one of his sons ran to a neighbouring house to procure a light, and when he returned, found his father lifeless on the floor! his arms extended, and his head beaten into jelly!

Such was the end of a worthy and respectable man. Three of the soldiers have been taken and committed to jail; the fourth has made his escape. The Coroner's inquest pronounced it wilful murder.

On the 21st ult. says the New-London paper) fish were found frozen on the shore of the Niagara in such large quantities, that a vessel was loaded with them, which they sent to New-York to market. Such an instance has never before occurred, to the knowledge of the oldest person among us.

A few days since a large salt-water seal was killed on the ice in Lake Champlain. He must have had a long and rather hazardous voyage of it, from Old Ocean, up the St. Lawrence, to the lake.

A young Wild Cat, last week made its appearance in the centre of Salem, and was shot in the street. Before he was shot a dog was set on him, against which, though surrounded by foes, he made a gallant defence, and soon forced him to retreat with disgraceful wounds.

Bos. Pap.

## JEWELRY AND WATCH STORE.

CHEVENS AND HYDE,

NO. 138 BROADWAY,

Have just received and for sale, a complete assortment of elegant Silver and Gilt Filigree Clasps for Ladies Coats and Pelices. An assortment of Jet Clasps for do. Silver fashionable Pins for Head Ornaments, to match the Clasps.—On hand, a general assortment of Jewellery and Watches

Jan 27

1093—tf

## COURT OF HYMEN

• Hail, Wedlock! hail, inviolable tie!  
Perpetual fountain of domestic joy!  
Love, honour, friendship, truth, and pure delight  
Harmonious mingle in the nuptial rite.'

## MARRIED.

At St. John's Church, on Monday morning last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. William Constable, to Miss Mary Elizabeth M Vickar, eldest daughter of John M Vickar, Esq all of this city

At Norfolk, on Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Captain James G. Ibert, of the New-York packet schooner Rising-States, to Mrs. Margaret Boyce, of that borough

On Thursday evening, the 22d ult at Christ Church, Stratford, Conn. by the Rev Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Thomas D Smith, of the Nurrows, (L. I.) to Miss Catharine Mary Davies, daughter of Henry Davies, Esq late of this city

At Boston, on Thursday evening the 15th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Elliot, Mr. Samuel Stockwell, formerly of the New-York Theatre, to Mrs. Catharine Henry, of the former place

On Wednesday the 21st ult. at Hempstead by the Rev. Dr. Richard Moore, his son, the Rev. David Moore, to Miss Maria Seabury Moore, daughter of John Moore Esq. of the former place.

At East Haddam, Connecticut, on the 1st of January last, Nine Young Ladies, being all the girls in that town that were marriageable

## MORTALITY.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

## DIED.

On Friday evening, 23d ult. of a lingering illness, Mr. James Snow

On Saturday night, 24 h ult, Eliza Ann Mowatt, aged about 14 years; daughter of Alexander Mowatt

On Monday last, Mrs. Sarah McKesson, wife of John McKesson, Esq of this city

On the 18th ult. at Jamaica (L. I.) after a long and painful illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs. Ida Stryker, at the advanced age of 77 years

Near New-Brunswick, (N. J.) Mrs. Gertrude Farmer, wife of Capt. George Farmer

At Philadelphia, on the 22d inst of a consumption, Mr. CHARLES B. BROWN, Editor of the American Register.—His domestic character comprised every thing endearing in a husband and a father: his social qualities inspired confidence and friendship; his mild and benevolent disposition bespoke the harmony of his mind; and the purity of his morals emanated from the purity of those principles, which an exalted sense of his duty to God, and to man had established in his bosom.

At Paris, on the 5th December, Peter Dufarnel, formerly Physician and Patriarch of the Free Masons, in the 120th year of his age

## AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

A constant supply of the best American Fringe, in a variety of widths and patterns. Cotton Yarn and threads for Knitting, Netting, and Sewing, of various colors, Floss Cotton of a superior quality, Sheetings, Shirtings, and the best twilled Bed-Ticks long and habit Buck Skin Gloves, &c. by Wholesale and Retail at the lowest Factory Prices, also, a handsome and fresh assortment of Ribbons, plain and edged Galloons, of a superior style, and various colours, most of which are suitable, for Shoemakers or Hatters use.

J C WATSON.

No. 207, Greenwich-street

Janr 13

1091 tf

## FOR SALE.

A NEGRO WENCH, from the country, 26 years old, has 10 years to serve, is sober, honest, and understands house work in general.—Apply at this office.  
February 24 1097—3\*

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### TO-MORROW.

*Among the many neat poetical productions under this title, the following, from a late Connecticut paper, in which it appeared as original, will not rank the least in merit; the idea conveyed in the concluding stanza, is peculiarly happy and impressive.*

#### Maryland Repository.

In the morning of life, my career when commencing,  
May old Care be far banished away;  
May dame Fortune be kind her rewards in dispensing,  
While I homage to Industry pay;  
May Content spread her influence over my breast,  
And chase from my heart meddling Sorrow,  
As, when with that blessing, a conscience at rest,  
I hail each returning to *to-morrow*.

May I meet with a friend who is worthy the title,  
Who will share in my joys and my woes;  
One, who looks with disdain on deeds sordid and little  
And whose heart with benevolence glows,  
In intercourse sweet the dull hours we will cheat;  
Years of bliss from futurity borrow;  
And with pity surveying the proud and the great,  
Place our hopes on th' eternal *to-morrow*.

Should my sweet-smiling Bess on my love look approving,  
And content to combine in a wife  
The kind friend and adviser, beloved and beloved,  
How blissful will roll on my life!  
And old father Time, as he glides swift away,  
Imprinting the wrinkle and furrow,  
Perhaps may combine in the husband *to-day*,  
The cares of the parent *to-morrow*.

But though pleasure I taste, I will not be forgetful,  
That ere long they must fade from my view;  
Of the 'one thing' so 'needful' I'll ne'er be neglectful.

But religion with fervour pursue;  
Then, when death sets me free, to those realms I'll soar.

Where the soul shall no more meet with sorrow;  
Where an endless *to-day* shall preclude, evermore,  
The return of another *to-morrow*.

## THE STORM KING,

### A SONNET.

Heard you the wailing scream, at midnight hour,  
Of the Storm King?—Heard you the rattling show'r  
Pour down the steep—while thro' the dismal gloom,  
The bird of darkness chaunted from the tomb?  
Heard you the neigh'ring monks despairing cry,  
As, fi'd by lightning, blazed their monastery?  
Heard you the dead men's mouths move to and fro,  
And ghastly grin, and chatter tales of woe?  
Heard you the traveller's agonizing shriek,  
Tost by the roaring tempest from the peak?  
Heard you all nature shudder with affright,  
Fearing her reign was closed in endless night?  
While the fierce Storm King rode wild thro' the sky,  
Those horrors heard you?—No!—No more did I.

## WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

Four or five Young Ladies for Mantua-making.  
Inquire at No 89 Pearl street

## CISTERNS

Made and put in the ground complete warranted tight by  
C. ALFORD,  
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.  
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE  
ON MODERATE TERMS

## To those affected with Coughs, Colds, Ash ma, and Consumptions.

THERE is, perhaps, no medical observation better established, none more generally confirmed by the experience of all ages and countries, and none of more importance to the practitioner, than the fact that many of the most difficult and incurable complaints originate in neglected Colds. In a climate as variable as ours, where the changes of the weather are frequently sudden and unexpected, it requires more care and attention to guard against this subtle and dangerous enemy of life, than most people imagine, or are able and willing to bestow. Hence the vast numbers of patients afflicted with coughs, catarrhs, asthma, and consumptions. The many cases of the kind which fell under my observation, the disappointments I experienced in practice, from remedies highly recommended, and my own predisposition to pulmonary complaints, were strong inducements for me to consider whether a compound, consisting of mild vegetable substances, could not be invented, more free from the well founded objections of practitioners, and better calculated to avert the threatened destruction of the lungs.

I have the satisfaction now to offer the public such a remedy, under the name of

### VEGETABLE PULMONIC DETERGENT,

well adapted to various constitutions and habits, and to declare with the fullest confidence, that I have found this composition far superior to others intended to answer the same purpose. I am perfectly satisfied, practitioners who have frequently to combat the effect of suppressed perspiration, and do not neglect the use of the lancet and other evacuations whenever they are indicated, will place this medicine on the list of their favourite remedies.

N B. The above named medicine is secured to the subscriber, by letters patent from the President of the United States, and prepared at his dispensary, in Northampton, county of Hampshire, and state of Massachusetts, price Two Dollars a cake, and for sale by the following gentlemen in this city, who are appointed agents, viz. Doctor Daniel Lord, 77 Water-street; Mr. George Hunter, 150 Front street; George Hunter, jun. 3 Albany basin; Messrs Hull and Bowne, druggists 156 Pearl street; Messrs. G and R, Waite, booksellers, 64 and 38 Maiden Lane. Dr John P. Fisher, 106 Broadway; Doctor John Clark, jun 91 Maiden lane—Doctor Rabineau and Co. 302, Broadway, corner of Duane-street—Mr Charles Harrison, printer of the Weekly Museum, 3 Peck-slip; Doctor Robert Johnson, druggist 49 Bowery-lane—Robert Bach and Co. 120 Pearl street.

Numerous certificates of the efficacy of this valuable medicine may be had at the above places, from persons of undoubted veracity.

January 6

1089—6m

## MRS. M'KENNY, CONFECTIONERESS.

No 79 William corner of Liberty-street, begs leave to return her most grateful and unfeigned thanks to her friends and a generous public for the encouragement they have so liberally bestowed on her since she has commenced the above line of business. She flatters herself, from her strict attention, care, and punctuality, as well as her assiduity in endeavouring to please, that she will be enabled to give satisfaction to such Ladies and Gentlemen as will honour her with their commands. She has at present on hand a general assortment of Confectionary, wholesale and retail which she means to dispose of on the lowest terms.—Also, Tea Cakes of every description, Plumb do, Iced and Ornamented, Jellies, Blanche Meringe, Pyramids &c. at the sho test notice. Hoarhound Candy, for colds, made in a genuine manner.

Nov 18

1084—1f

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By the Groc, Dozen, or Single one.

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SUITABLE FOR SURGEONS' USE.  
AN EXTRA PRICE WILL BE GIVEN.  
INQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linnen RAGS this office,

## TORTOISE SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE, BY  
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Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—a 10 Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Balls far superior to any other for softening the skin and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

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Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

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Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d Smith's Sarcynette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot do paste

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Smith's Vegetable Rague for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair-Powder. A fine powder for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Cassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

His highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

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S. G. may be consulted at his office, No 13 Broad street, four doors from the City Hall

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